

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Poet's Quest.

BY W. JACKSON BROWN, JR.,
Author of "Lays, Legends, and Lyrics."

Mourning o'er his lone condition,
Sat the poet in his grief,
Drinking at a heart's fountain,
Vainly hoping for relief.
"Fate, alas! is insupportable,"
Cried the poet in despair,
"A child of song might wander
Happily in a world of care."
I have nurs'd my visions dearly,
Warmly worshipp'd at their shrine,
Being a page to Love and Beauty
In his home to the Nine.
But, ah! me and my devoted
Thus to end in carping care,
Toiling for the world of others,
Reaping for myself despair.
It was folly, idle dreaming,
Thus to waste the precious time,
Smoothing gems for other garlands,
Beating air to make it rhyme;
But I'll walk in other pathways,
Dream no more of hill or dell;
So farewell, fantastic shadows,
I will break the poet's spell!"

Onward with the wealth-pursuers
Mor'd the faltering child of song,
Framing worship unto manhood,
Joining in the laughter throng.
Up and down the crowded city,
Round the various forms of life,
Hung the drooping shades of sorrow,
Said the signs of care and strife.
Heedless of the waste of others,
Careless of the plaintive cry,
Proud men scorn their needy brothers,
Strong men pass the weaker by.
Toiling, struggling, ever restless,
Grieving, holding, trying, doing,
Living, hoping, fearing, dying,
Such is life, and seldom more.

Once again, with heart uplifted,
Sits the poet by his lyre,
Preaching truth in flowing numbers,
Teaching men the way to life.
Gaily sounds his joyous music:
In the palace, cottage, cell,
All men feel its soothing, cheering,
Maidens hear its sweet refrain,
Pictures for the mind he sketches,
Sketches with the painter's skill;
Here the mountain, there the valley,
Down the silver, winding rill.
Then the groves, with crowded foliage,
Shades, retreats, and sylvan bowers,
All enlivened in the sunshine,
We behold, and make them ours.
Love he sings, while others listen,
Hope he breathes to toiling men,
Faith and joy, and peace and freedom,
All flash from his golden pen.
Which in measure'd raptures swell,
And rejoice in such a blessing
As the poet's mighty spell.

The French at Brighton.

Mrs. Mary GERRICK, Periwinkle House,
Marine Parade, Brighton, presents her com-
pliments, and—at this imminent time—
presents of Mr. Punch a corner in his beautiful
pages for her little letter. If Mrs. Mary
GERRICK was in Parliament—as, indeed,
women ought to be—she would not trouble
Mr. P., but give the country a bit of her
mind from her seat in the House. As it is,
being a lone woman and a widow, she hopes
she may be permitted to save her country
through the newspapers.

Periwinkle House, Brighton, Jan. 25.

Mr. PUNCH: The more I look at the
opposite coast of France (and I've a tele-
scope for the first time, that is, a new pin)
the more I'm certain of danger from our
continental enemies. I sit, as you know,
at the bottom of the Channel, full of soldiers
and horses, and baggage wagons. My girls,
to comfort me, tell me it's the clouds, but I
only hope it isn't the smoke of the enemy's
steamers.

"My letter, I am proud to say, has put
the whole town in a twitter. Lodgings have
dropped to nothing. First floors have come
down to seconds, and there's next to no dif-
ference between backs and fronts. In fact,
the whole place is—A Town to Let, and
Nobody to Take it."

"I am now happy to say that all the
blame laid at my door. Yes, Periwinkle
House bears it all. When people abuse me
for my letter, I cried a little at first; but
it's sweet to find what spirit persecution puts
into a body. It's as good as another shawl
to a woman!"

"Do you want to ruin Brighton, Ma'am;
do you want to make it another Pollyanna;
another Thib's?" said Mr. P. "I'm not
of the circulating library. People have
sent home *Nine and Ten*, and I don't know
what, because they couldn't get through 'em
so near the sea. Do you want to make the
place a desert, Ma'am; a desert without a
single Oh Aci?"

"I said nothing. Only this. When the
French had come, how he'd thank me for
that beautiful letter! As poor GERRICK used
to say—and now I believe him—if you
want to serve your country, mind you can
afford to pay for it! However, I have made
up my mind to suffer, and nothing shall dis-
appoint me."

"Mr. Punch, now I know the truth of
what PROFESSOR TOADMAN said here, in
his lecture 'On the Vitality of Blue
bottles,' at the Old Ship. 'Everybody,'
says he, 'is born with a mission.' At first,
I thought 'mission' was only a knowing
name for a 'coul.' However, at last I
found it out. For, as the Professor said,
folks have sometimes to wait to learn it.
My mission is to—save Brighton! GERRICK
used to say I'd a good deal of gunpowder
in my veins, and now he's gone, I don't
mind owning it. Human nature, said the
Professor, 'is always the same.' Well, we
have had a JOAN OF ARC; which, we all
the stronger reason for having a MARY OF
BRIGHTON! Nature isn't like a tea-caddy,
but keeps supplying herself."

"And now, Mr. Punch, I have some-
thing to say that will make the very horse-
hair of the Horse-Guards stand on end.—
You know I told you that I had taken a
many French lodgers. Well, Sir, there was
the COMTE DE FLUPE, PRINCE CA-
COA, and others I don't remember, that, last
autumn, lodged with me. They went away,
leaving a portmanteau to be sent for. As
I've never heard of 'em since, and they only
gave JULIE half-a-crown among 'em, I
haven't hesitated to open the luggage, and a
blessed thing it is I did. For there, Mr.
Punch, (I used to see 'em twiddling with
compasses, and rules, and I don't know
what, on paper,) for there is the whole plan,
drawn and colored, of an attack upon this
blessed Brighton. There isn't an alley that
isn't down—not a courtyard that they don't
know every bit of. Not only so, the plan
of an attack, but of fortifying and keeping
the place afterwards."

"As the best of luck would have it, Mr.
STRATTON, a playwright, is lodging with
me (two pairs of it, being the doll season)
at this moment. I believe he has served in
the army, for once I heard him say, 'No-
body knew what in his time he had taken
from the French' (he's now doing an
original play, such a sweet thing! to be call-
ed, 'Isn't it Particularly Odd that the
Woman hasn't Brought Home the Lin-
en?') Well, I showed the Frenchman's pa-
pers to Mr. S., and he explained all the
mischief to me. B. X. K. Z., and other
innocent looking letters of the alphabet—
mean no less than Bastions, and Redoubts,
and Ravellings, and Horn-works, (that's the

very word) and Casemates, or Checkmates,
and Crests of Glasses!

I knew it; a certain cold shiver that I al-
ways have when mischief's coming, told me
as much; the French know all about Bright-
on, and have, at this moment, the addresses
of all the best families, with what money
every father can give his daughters, down in
their pocket-books.

"I don't wish to alarm the townspeople;
but I must perform my mission. The French
will land here, there's no doubt about that;
if they can, and, once here, they're going to
throw up all sorts of things, so that they'll
never go away again. They intend, ac-
cording to the paper before me, (I've Mr.
STRATTON's word for it) to draw a curtain
clean before the Pavilion; to command High
Street with a battery of brass guns; to build
a redoubt right opposite the playhouse, with
a drawbridge to suffer nobody to go into it!
Then, with Horn-works right before the Town
Hall, and angles, (as I understood Mr. S.)
commanding the Market House, why Bright-
on has no help for it, but to kiss the foot of
the haughty invader for ever and for ever!"

"With this fact, Sir, staring us boldly in
the face, I do think HER MAJESTY might be
induced to return to the Pavilion. It would
so rally Brighton and the tradespeople about
her. People (I only wish they'd mind their
own business) have run down the Pavilion
because it's more Indian than English. As
Mr. MOG sweetly says in his *Guide to us*,
persons who do so 'might as reasonably
quarrel with the flowers of the parterre—
the lively carnation, or the painted tulip!'
And then, Sir, why shouldn't HER MAJES-
TY, as the Queen of the East Indies, have an
Indian Palace? The sun, (as GERRICK
used to say), if he would, couldn't set up
on HER MAJESTY'S dominions, and why
shouldn't she have a palace—from the Chi-
nese down to the Hotentot—to match every
one of 'em? But I'm much afraid that pub-
lic spirit and public building won't act with
dear GEORGE THE FOURTH. If he could
only know what was going on at the Pavil-
ion, I'm sure his loyal and affectionate sub-
jects would see him again on the Chain Pier,
as *Meg Merrilies* says—by moonlight.—
However, Sir, to return to the French."

"I have some hope that I have touched
the heart, and struck upon the chords of
Brighton. And, Sir, as one little example
is better than all the talk in the world—as
dear GERRICK said when he knocked down
a brute of a fellow that once insulted me—I
have already put my house upon the war
establishment."

"I have purchased a fowling-piece, and
cartridge-box, with a small sword for JULIE,
the page, a boy of great spirit (you should
only see him, on an errand, jump over the
posts; though of course, as his mistress, I'm
obliged to wink at it.) If that boy isn't as
good as any two French grenadiers, Eng-
lish beef and pudding may henceforth go
for nothing. He's getting on wonderful,
too, at the sword exercise; and on boiled
leg-of-mutton days practices a good hour at
least, 'cutting six' at the turnips."

"I've no doubt—from what I see going
on next door—that this example will spread;
and so in the Book of Glory, may expect a
beautiful place for the Pages of Brighton."

"As for BETSY, the housemaid—Mary,
the all-work—and SUSAN, the cook, I have
had made for them three beautiful dresses,
after JESSY LIND; and at the first alarm
they will appear upon the beach to succor
our regular troops, or the irregular militia,
as *Figinas di Reggimentalis*. If every
lodging-house in Brighton does half as much,
shall we have a nice force—unmatched, as
I believe they call it!"

"Up, Gals! and at 'em!"
"In the meanwhile, I am working for the
Militia that is to be formed a set of colors
in blood-red cloth, mixed (whatever people
may say) with my own hair; and—and—
meanwhile rest—"

"Yours to command,
"MARY GERRICK."

"P. S.—I will send you an early copy
of the speech, before I present the flag!"—
Punch.

A Gooseberry.

At the flour mills of Tubberkeena, near
Clonsilla, while in the possession of the late
Mrs. Newbold, there was a goose which by
some accident was left solitary, without mate
or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it
happened, as is common, that the miller's
wife had set a number of duck eggs under a
hen, which in due time were incubated, and,
of course, the ducklings, as soon as they
came forth, ran with natural instinct to the
water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her
maternity urging her to follow the brood,
and her selfishness disposing her to keep on
dry land. In the meanwhile up sailed the
goose, and with a noisy gabble, which cer-
tainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them
to my care, she swam up an down with the
ducklings; and when they were tired with
their aquatic excursion, she consigned them
to the care of the hen. The next morn-
ing, down came again the ducklings to the
pond, and there was the goose waiting
for them, and there stood the hen in her great
flustration. On this occasion we are not at
all sure that the goose invited the hen, ob-
serving her maternal trouble, but it is a fact,
that she being near the shore, the hen jumped
on her back, and there sat, the ducklings
swimming, and the goose and hen after them,
up and down the pond. And this was not
a solitary event; day after day the hen was
seen on board the goose, attending the duck-
lings up and down, in perfect contentedness
and good humor; numbers of people coming
to witness the circumstance, which continued
until the ducklings, coming to days of
discretion, required no longer the joint care
dianship of the goose and hen.—*Rev. C.
Otteray's Intellectualty of Dumb Animals.*

Maxims on Money.

The art of living easily as to money, is
to pitch your scale of living one degree be-
low your means. Comfort and enjoyment
are more dependant upon easiness in the
detail of expenditure than upon one de-
gree's difference in the scale. Guard against
false associations of pleasure with expendi-
ture—the notion that because pleasure can
be purchased with money, therefore, money
cannot be spent without enjoyment. What
a thing, costs a man, is no true measure of
what it is worth to him; and yet how often
is his appreciation governed by no other
standard, as if there were a pleasure in ex-
penditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want
before you provide against it. You are more
assured that it is a real want; and it is
worth while to feel it a little in order to feel
the relief from it. When you are undeceiv-
ed as to which of two courses you would
like the best, choose the cheapest. This rule
will not only save money, but save also a
good deal of trifling indecision. Too much
leisure leads to expense; because when a
man is in want of objects, it occurs to him,
that he is to be had for money, and he in-
vents expenditure in order to pass the
time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

Abd-el-Kader—All for Love.

The following letter from Toulon con-
tains the *Times*, some curious details
upon the submission of Abd-el-Kader:
"Toulon, Jan. 19.—I have seen the
Emir. It is quite a mistake that his eyes
are black; they are of a decided gray, shad-
ed by very long black eyelashes. He
speaks very fluently, which is a proof of
high distinction among the Arabs. What-
ever may be the reputation of Abd-el-Kader
as a soldier, politician, or Mahometan priest,
it is much greater as a literary man. He
is said to be as learned as an Arab can be.
Two leather trunks containing his library
have always accompanied him, even during the
last months that preceded his submis-
sion; they also made part of his person-
al baggage on board. But every one is
ignorant of the real cause of his submission,
which was love. He is another Antony.—
After having endeavored with heroic cour-
age to make a passage through the Moorish
camp, he succeeded, with a considerable
number of his followers, in so disengaging
himself as to be able to gain the desert, but
at the moment he was about to profit by
the liberty this last *coup de main* gave him,
he heard the firing which had reached his
deira. Then, like the lion of the desert
who sees his lioness entrapped and his cubs
carried away, he retraced his steps and fell
upon the Moors, with the rest of his faith-
ful followers, whilst the cries of his wives,
whose tents the enemy had commenced pil-
laging, exalted his courage. Twice the
Emir was rolled to the ground with his
wounds under him, twice surrounded
and seized, he released himself by his
extraordinary agility, and gained a victory
by hard fighting in the midst of a victorious
retreat. The Moors, intoxicated with the
desire of pillaging the deira, threw them-
selves in numbers upon this body of 4,000
old men, women, and children, defended
by the Emir, surrounded only by his kili-
fates, aghas, buchaghas, and the chiefs of his
regular troops, and likewise in want of am-
munition. Finally, after having left be-
hind him a train of his friends' and ene-
mies' blood extending three leagues, he ar-
rived upon our frontier, where, for the price
of such an offence, he found no other al-
ternative than a choice between two enemies.
At last, abandoning this deira, which en-
closed all his affections, to our generosity,
he departed, in order to regain the South.
After two nights' march, though certain of
saving himself, his heart softened at the
idea of his isolation, and preferring captiv-
ity with his friends, he returned to treat with
us. If this man had not already conquered
our esteem by the heroic struggle, every
one here agrees in saying that the courage
he has displayed in this last and supreme
act of his military career demands our
deepest sympathy—provided, that history
does not write upon his tomb, to his shame
and the justification of England, 'He also
came like Themistocles; but like Napo-
leon, he found himself an implacable enemy.'
The Emir is still confined in his sad prison.
He reads the Koran, to his faithful fol-
lowers. During the prayers they open the
windows and make a large fire in the mid-
dle of the room. His mother cries, his
wives sob, and he is almost broken-hearted."

Rocky Mountain Trappers.

The trappers of the Rocky Mountains
belong to a 'genus' more approximating to
the primitive savage, than perhaps any other
class of civilized men. Their lives being
spent in the remote wilderness of the moun-
tains, with no other companion than Na-
ture herself, their habits and character as-
sume a most singular cast of simplicity,
mingled with ferocity, appearing to take
coloring from the scenes and objects which
surround them. Knowing no wants save
those of nature, their sole care is to procure
sufficient food to support life, and the ne-
cessary clothing to protect them from the
rigorous climate. This, with the assistance
of their trusty rifles, they are generally able
to effect, but sometimes at the expense of
great peril and hardship. When engaged
in their avocation, the natural instinct of
primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose
of guarding against danger, and the provi-
sion of necessary food.
Keen observers of nature, they rival the
beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and
habits of game, and in their skill and cum-
ing in capturing it. Constantly exposed
to perils of all kinds, they become callous
to any feeling of danger, and destroy human
as well as animal life, with as little scruple,
and as freely as they expose their own. Of
laws, human or divine, they neither know,
nor care to know. "Strong, active,
hardy as bears; daring, expert in the
use of their weapons, they are just what the
uncivilized white man might be supposed to
be in a brute state, depending upon himself
for the support of life.—*Buxton's Adventures
in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains.*

An Angry Plover.

A tide of fierce
infective seemed to bid behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam:
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gathered together for the illumin'd hall
Long lanes of splendor shanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some
pale.
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cried not; till a clamor grew
As of a new-world flood, when women built,
And were confounded; high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking Peace.
Tennyson's Princess.

Passage in the Life of Ledyard the Traveller.

Mr. Besafuy had an interview with Led-
yard just as he was setting off on his last
expedition, and repeats the following pas-
sage from his conversation:—"I am accus-
tomed," said Ledyard, "to hardship. I have
known both hunger and nakedness to the
utmost extremity of human suffering. I
have known what it is to have food given
me as charity to a madman; and I have at
times been obliged to shelter myself under
the miseries of that character, to avoid a
heavier calamity. My distresses have been
greater than I have ever owned, or ever will
own, to any man. Such evils are terrible
to bear; but they never yet had power to
turn me from my purpose. If I live, I
will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent,
my engagement to the society; and if I per-
ish in the attempt, my honor will still be
safe, for death cancels all bonds."—*Led-
yard's Life.*

A Delicate Subject.

A quiet elderly gentleman found him-
self one of four travellers in a railway carriage.
The other three were ladies, who talked
from the beginning to the end of the jour-
ney, kept up, in fact, so lengthened a con-
versation that it was exactly two hundred
miles long. When nearly at the terminus,
the most voluble of the ladies expressed a
hope to the gentleman that the incessant col-
loquy had not disturbed him. "By no
means, madam," (said he, politely,) "I have
been married exactly twenty-five years."

The Slaughter of Animals, and Decisions to Barbarism.

The practice of hunting wild animals for
food engenders a disregard of animal life,
which gradually extends to fellow human
beings. All history will bear testimony to
the fact, that hunters are men of violence,
from Esau, who frightened Jacob, down to
Grandey Berkeley, who 'punches the heads'
of peasants. It was our fortune, good or
bad, to sojourn for a long period in sunny
climes, amongst human tribes, half pastoral
half predatory, who lived on horseback,
whose sole food was the flesh of recently
slain animals, and their drink brackish wa-
ter, their couch the grassy plain, and their
roof the blue heaven. Lean, wiry, and lithe
of body, with cat-like, half-sleepy eyes, and
black black horse-looking hair, these people
possessed the attributes of tigers, and they
passed their time, half in sloth, and half in
ferocity. Often witnessing, and sometimes
compelled to join in the eating of half-
roasted flesh, torn from an animal, just
slain, and the mass still quivering, we have
learned how, by slight degrees, refinement
departs, and the mind becomes callous to
horrors and bloodshed. The slightest word
of provocation, and drawn knives to gratify
revenge, the dried blood of the animal on
the blade, mingling with the red torrent
flowing from human veins, was a common
occurrence. To dress wounds was an al-
most daily task, and at last a drudgery,
from which even compassion shrunk. The
gradual callousness of the natives of more
civilized climes was remarkable. Wounds
became a matter for mirth. On one occa-
sion, encamped rudely, awaiting the attack
of some hostile tribes, with bristling spears
and prepared rifles, a native of Scotland,
a mechanic of ordinary decent habits, tolera-
bly educated, and possessing some five thou-
sand pounds capital, entered into a conver-
sation with us, calculating the strategy of
their position, and the number that would
be slain, all in the cool, quiet, guttural
Saxon dialect denominated Lowland Scotch.
And gliding from one subject to another, as
easily as if discussing a chapter of Adam
Smith, he thus went on:—"Wall, now, awn
thinkin' that we've tried mair kinds o' flesh
meat—bull and quye and cauf, and horse
and mule, and lion and deer, and ostrich
and armadillo, and bees catcher, and your
common swine—so when the fight is over,
I should like to cut steaks from one of those
brown devils of Ingensons yonder to try
what he eats like." We looked at the
speaker, thinking he jested, but it was no
jest. It was simply a man of average in-
tellect, and very coarse nerves, who stood
before us, one, who by force of habit, might
have obeyed moral laws, but too coolly
practical ever to discover them for himself.
He was merely going a little beyond the
practices of his wild companions. They,
about Christians, were in the habit of skin-
ning their human foes to make horse-trap-
pings of their hides; he, from curiosity, was
desirous to taste their flesh. Possibly he
might have called himself a Christian also.
We did not ask him his descent, but it
struck us that, after all, the story of Sweeney
Beane might be no fable. Such a man,
placed in a position where the only food
was human flesh, would have made his ex-
periment a habit, and would have enjoyed
his cannibal meals with as much relish as a
chief of the Feejee Islands.—*Westminster
Review.*

Lord Eldon Accused of Peaching.

An old friend of his has communi-
cated to me the following story of the great
danger in which the Lord High Chancellor
of Great Britain once was of being held up
before a magistrate as a poacher. "I heard
that Lord Eldon was spending a few days
with his friend, Mr. W., whose domain was
very rural and pretty, but not extensive, and
on calling on him there, I found him in his
usual suit of black, with the addition of his
well-known travelling topped boots, and with
an old shot-belt over his shoulder. His
countenance at once convinced me that he
had something amusing to tell, and with an
air of assumed alacrity, he related an adventure
in which he had just played the principal part.
'Unfortunately crossed a lane in pursuit of
my game, and in the second field from this
lane I was accosted by a powerful and al-
most savage looking farmer, who challenged
me as the poacher for whom he had long
been looking. I at once acknowledged that
I might have made a mistake as to his land,
and offered to turn back immediately, but
this did not at all pacify him, for, putting him-
self in front of me, he declared that I should
not stir till he knew who I was and where
to be found. I tried to evade giving a de-
scription of myself, by renewed offers of
payment and a promise not to return, but this
did but increase his violence, and so I was
at last forced to acknowledge that I was the
Lord Chancellor, a communication which was
so far from allaying his ire, that it did
increase his fury, for, in language which
looked very like earnest, he swore that of
all the impudent answers he ever got, mine
was the most impudent; and I verily believe
he would have laid hands on me if my tall
footman (who rode the finest young mare I
ever saw) had not come up to us and address-
ed me as my lord.'—*Lord Campbell's Lives
of the Chancellors.*

Night-Song on the Prairies.

The sky had been gradually overcast
with leaden-colored clouds, until, when near
sunset, it was one huge, inky mass of roll-
ing darkness; the wind had suddenly lulled,
and an unnatural calm, which so rarely
heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions,
succeeded. The ravens were winging their
way towards the shelter of the timber, and
the coyote was seen trotting quickly to cov-
er, conscious of the coming storm. The
black, threatening clouds seemed gradually to
descend until they kissed the earth, and al-
ready the distant mountains were hidden to
their very bases. A hollow murmuring
swept through the bottom, but as yet not a
branch was stirred by wind; and the huge
cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs,
loomed like a line of ghosts through the
heavy gloom. "The clouds opened,
and drove right in our faces a storm of
driving snow; which now brought with it
clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness
soon set in."

The Way the Wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly,

ing in my veins, and my bones, petrifying
with the icy blasts which seemed to pene-
trate them—how, for hours, I remained with
my head on my knees, and the snow pres-
sing every instant to drop into a sleep from
which I knew it was impossible I should
ever awake—how every now and then the
cotton-woods would groan aloud and fall down
upon the snow, and then again struggle on
their legs—how all night long the piercing
howl of wolves was borne upon the wind,
which never for an instant abated its vio-
lence during the night—I would not at-
tempt to describe.—*Buxton's Adventures
in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains.*

The Modern Mediæval Man's Disadvantages.

The man who lies under no external ob-
ligation, (none that is apparent and palpable),
to occupy himself in one way or another,
will become a prey to many demands
for small services, attentions, and civilities,
such as will neither exercise his faculties,
add to his knowledge, nor leave him in his
thoughts. The prosecution of a contempla-
tive life is not an answer to any of these
demands; for though the man who is in the
pursuit of an active calling, is not expected
to give up his leisure for the sake of afford-
ing some trifling gratification to some friend,
or acquaintance, or stranger, yet the man
who has renounced the active calling and
the leisure, in order that he may possess his
soul in peace, is constantly expected to give
up his meditations, and no one counts it for
a sacrifice. Meditation, it is thought, can
always be done some other day. A man with-
out something indispensable to do, will find
his life to be involved in some of the diffi-
culties by which a woman's life is often
beset, one of which difficulties is the want
of a claim paramount upon her time. And
these difficulties will not be the less, if the
poet have, as he ought to have, something of
the woman in his nature—as he ought to
have, I aver; because the poet should be *hic
et hoc homo*—the representative of human
nature at large, and not of one sex only.
With the difficulties of a woman's life, the
poet will not find that any of his correspond-
ing facilities accrue; he will find claims to
be made upon him as upon a poet, and no
indemnities granted him as a poet. Thus
it is that in the bustling crowds of this pre-
sent world, a meditative man finds himself,
however passively disposed, in a position of
opportunity to those around him, and must
struggle in order to stand still.—*Henry
Taylor's Notes from Life.*

Incident at the Coronation of George the Third.

George III., with his consort, Charlotte
of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, was crowned at
Westminster, on the 22d of September,
1761; and afterwards sat at his coronation
banquet in the Hall with his young bride,
attended by all the formalities and cere-
monials which had been dignified by the cus-
tom of past ages. And, looking down
from one of the galleries, sat one, who in a
disguised habit, and with his face half-con-
cealed, was no unconcerned spectator of that
gorgeous scene. This person was he, who,
in his youth, had been the idol of the rude
and devoted Highlanders who fought their
way to Derby with their claymores in 1745;
the young hero of Preston Pans, and Fal-
kirk, the descendant of a hundred kings, he,
who, by the right of legitimate descent, and
who, but for the bigotry of his grandfather,
James the Second, would have sat on the
splendid throne, which he now saw occupied
by the German alien, who was the usurper
of his rights. David Hume writes to Sir
John Pringle, on the 10th of February,
1773, "What will surprise you, the lord
marchant, a few days after the coronation of
the present King, told me that he believed
the young Pretender to be at that time in
London, or at least, had been so very lately,
and had come over to see the show of the
coronation, and had actually seen it." I
asked my lord the reason for this strange
fact. "Why," says he, "a gentleman told
me that saw him there, and that he even
spoke to him, and whispered in his ears
these words, 'Your royal highness is the
last of all mortals whom I should expect to
meet here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,'
said the other, 'but I assure you that person
who is the object of all this pomp and mag-
nificence is the man I envy least.' What
if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's
gunstee!—*Jesse's Memorials of London.*

Anecdotes of the Tudors.

There is a somewhat comic story related
of the family of Owen Tudor, the husband
of Henry the Fifth's widow, Catharine of
France, whose mother, it seems, resided in
France. Although of high blood, their
fortunes do not appear to have allowed the
family to live according to English ideas of
rank. Catharine had announced her in-
tention of marrying the young Welshman,
who first gained her good graces by a com-
bination of agility and awkwardness, for,
in dancing before her, not being able to re-
cover himself in a turn, he fell into her lap
as she sat on a little stool, with many of
her ladies about her. The match she pro-
posed to herself was considered beneath
her dignity, owing to the supposed obscurity
of Owen Tudor's birth. A deputation of
English lords was, therefore, sent to Angles-
sea to report the style of his mother's lineage.
They found themselves in as great perplexity
as Sancho in reporting his interview with
Dulcinea, for the matron was discovered
sitting in a field surrounded by her goats,
and eating a dried herring on her knees,
having no other table. The lords did not
dare to relate the case exactly as they found
it, for the fair Catharine had already made
up her mind to marry the Welshman, and
they saw the ill-policy of too strictly
adhering to truth. Their account, therefore,
ran as follows: they said, "The lady was
seated in state, surrounded by her
javelin men, in a spacious palace, eating
her repast from a table, whose value was
so great, that she would not take hundreds
of pounds for it."—*Miss Costello's Mountains
of North Wales.*

Anecdotes of Sir George Etherege.

There was formerly at or near Charing
Cross a famous ordinary, kept by one Lock-
et. It is often mentioned in the plays of
Gibber, Vanbrugh, &c., and was much
frequented by Sir George Etherege. On
one occasion, Sir George and his company,
provoked by something amiss in the enter-
tainment or attendance, got into a violent
passion, and abused the waiters. This
brought in Mrs. Locket. "We are so pro-
voked," said Sir George, "that even I could
find in my heart to pull the flowers in your
face." This turned all their anger into jest.
Sir George discontinued Locket's ordinary,
having run up a score, which he could not
conveniently discharge. Mrs. Locket sent
one to dun him, and to threaten him with
a prosecution. He bid the messenger tell
her, that he would kiss her, if she stirred a
step in it. When this answer was brought
back, she called for her hood and scarf, and
told her husband, who interposed, that
"she'd see if there was any fellow alive that
had the impudence."—"Pr'ythee, my dear,
don't be so rash," said her husband, "you
don't know what a man may do in his pas-
sion."

Education.

Education, conducted as it usually is,
upon one uniform plan, has a constant ten-
dency to cast the minds of the instructed
classes into one unvaried mould, destroying
all originality, even where it does not alto-
gether numb and cramp the intellectual
energies. Thoughts and opinions, instead
of being suffered to develop themselves
spontaneously from within, are compulsion-
ly relieved from without, until the faculties,
slaved from all necessity for their exercise,
lose their expansive aptitude and vigor,
and become passive recipients, instead of active
exponents.—*Horace Smith's Mesmerism.*

The Mother.

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